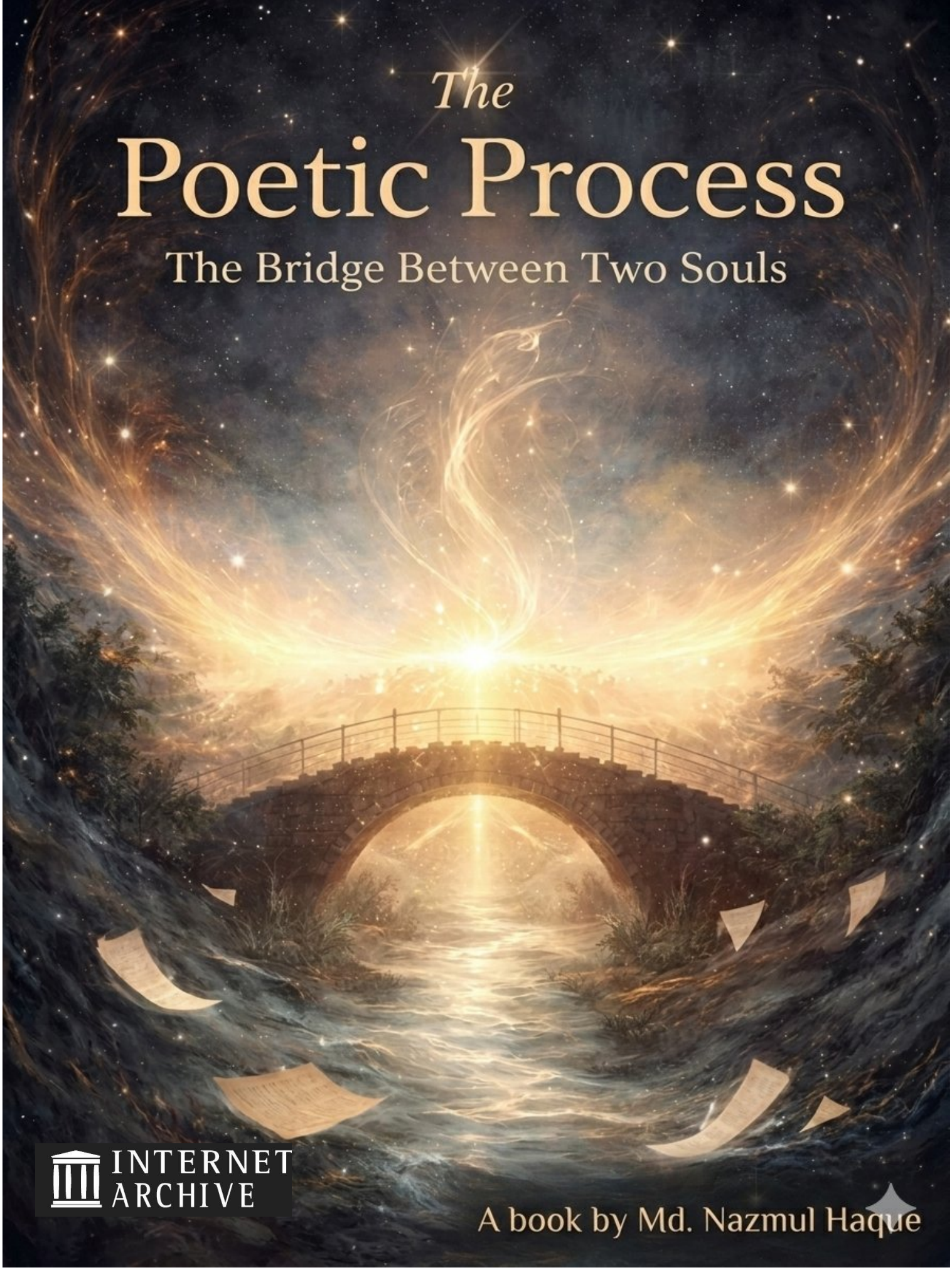
The
Poetic Process
The Bridge Between Two Souls
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A book by Md. Nazmul Haque

Book Title:

# The Poetic Process: The Bridge between Two Souls

Completed in 6 chapters

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## About this book

When a poet takes the pen and creates a poem, it is in fact its second birth. The poem ,at first, was born deep inside the poet's heart as an idea, a pure feeling. The first sparks of the feeling descends upon the poet almost like a divine revelation. It happens in a rare silent moment when only the poetic self is present, none else. It is a very personal experience. But once the idea is born, it wants to come out and take a visible shape. The poet feels a hidden pain until he releases it as a written form. So , for the poet the journey is from idea to language. But for the reader, the journey is reversed. A reader has to get back from the language to the first formless idea of the poet. So it's a triangle journey. There is no direct way to transfer the first basic feeling of the poet straight into the reader's heart, a medium is needed, and language is that medium. This book deals with the journey that starts from the poet's soul via language and then back into the reader's soul. This book sets up a link between the two souls standing face to face via the medium of language.

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## *Chapter 1: The First Spark — The Birth of an Invisible Idea*

Language is the only bridge between the writer and the reader, yet the journey of writing does not begin with language. It begins much earlier, in a silent inner space where words have not yet taken birth. Before the pen can touch the paper, before the poet writes even a single line, something stirs within him. Its like a divine revelation, a magic of the moment. This beginning is subtle and often unseen, yet it carries the whole weight of creation. Writing, therefore, is not merely an act of expression; it is a process of transformation, where something invisible slowly moves toward visibility.

In that silent space, the first spark of the idea appears. It does not come as a clear thought or a formed sentence. It comes as a feeling, a presence, something that is deeply sensed but not yet understood. The poet does not create it by effort; rather, it arrives on its own, like a quiet light entering a dark room. This moment feels rare and almost sacred. The idea is still without shape, yet it carries a strange completeness within it. It speaks without words and reveals without explanation.

At this stage, the poet can only feel, not define. The idea is too delicate to be touched by direct thought. It is like a fragrance that fills the air but cannot be held in the hand. The more one tries to grasp it, the more it slips away. So the poet remains still and attentive. He allows the idea to stay as it is, without forcing it into clarity. In this state, he becomes more of a receiver than a maker, more of a witness than a creator.

This first birth of the idea is pure. It is free from the limits of language and untouched by the pressure of expression. It exists in a quiet perfection, like a full moon reflected on calm water. Yet this very purity makes it fragile. The poet senses that once he tries to put it into words, something will be lost. This awareness creates a silent tension within him. He feels both wonder and fear—wonder at the beauty of the idea, and fear of losing its depth.

The source of this idea is never fixed. It may rise from joy, from pain, from memory, or from a simple moment of stillness. A small incident, a passing image, or even a sudden silence can give birth to it. But whatever its source, the experience remains the same. It feels as if something has been revealed, not invented. The poet does not feel like the owner of the idea; he feels like its medium.

At this point, the idea does not follow logic. It does not come in clear steps or arguments. It exists as a whole, not in parts. It is closer to emotion than to reason, closer to intuition than to analysis. That is why it resists language. Words try to divide and

define, but the idea remains fluid and shifting, like a cloud that changes shape every moment yet keeps its essence.

The poet's task in this phase is simple, yet difficult. He must stay close to the idea without disturbing it. He must protect it without trying to control it. This requires patience and deep attention. If he becomes careless, the idea may fade away. If he becomes too eager, it may lose its natural form. So he waits, watching its quiet movement within him.

This moment remains hidden from the reader. No one else can enter this space. It belongs only to the poet, and it exists only for a short time. The reader will later see the written words, but never this silent beginning. From the very start, a distance is created between the original idea and its future expression.

Yet the idea cannot remain in silence forever. Like a seed, it carries within it a need to grow. Slowly, it begins to press outward. The stillness turns into a gentle restlessness. The poet starts to feel that the idea wants to take form. This marks the end of the first phase. The invisible has begun its journey toward the visible, and the quiet spark now seeks a voice.

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## *Chapter 2: The Inner Urge — When the Idea Seeks Form*

The first spark does not remain still for long. What begins as a quiet presence slowly turns into a living force within the poet. The idea, once calm and self-contained, now begins to move. It no longer wishes to stay hidden in silence. There arises within it a gentle but steady urge to come out, to take form, to be known. This change is not sudden, but it is certain. The poet feels it growing, like a pressure that cannot be ignored.

At this stage, the idea is no longer just a feeling; it becomes a need. It begins to demand attention. The poet cannot turn away from it, even if he tries. It stays with him, follows him, returns to him in moments of rest and even in moments of distraction. It is like a soft knock that does not stop, or like a distant call that grows clearer with time. The poet starts to feel restless, not because he lacks something, but because something within him seeks release.

This restlessness is not ordinary. It is quiet, yet deep. It does not break the mind, but it fills it. The poet may appear calm from the outside, but inside, there is a steady movement. The idea presses against the silence, asking for shape. It is no longer satisfied with being felt; it now wants to be expressed. This shift marks a new

phase in the journey, where the invisible begins to lean toward the visible.

The poet now stands in a delicate position. He feels the weight of the idea, yet he does not yet know how to carry it into words. There is a gap between what he feels and what he can say. This gap creates a kind of pain, not sharp, but constant. It is similar to the tension before rain, when the sky is heavy but the clouds have not yet broken. The poet senses that something must happen, yet he cannot force its exact form.

This pain is not a burden; it is a sign of life. It shows that the idea is active, that it is seeking birth. Like an unborn child within the mother, the idea grows in silence but carries a strong will to emerge. The poet becomes aware that he is holding something that cannot remain inside forever. The longer it stays, the stronger the pressure becomes. This is the beginning of what may be called the labor of creation.

In this state, the poet cannot find peace in ordinary things. His thoughts return again and again to the same inner presence. Even when he speaks with others, a part of him remains elsewhere. The idea does not leave him alone. It shapes his mood, his attention, even his sense of time. Moments feel heavier, as if they are waiting for something to unfold.

Yet, the idea does not reveal itself fully. It does not come forward with clear instructions. It only creates the need to express. The poet must search for the right way, the right moment, the right entry into language. This search is not always clear or easy. It requires patience, and at times, it brings doubt. The poet may feel that he is close, yet unable to reach. He may sense the presence of the idea, yet struggle to hold it steady.

There is also a fear hidden within this phase. The poet knows that if he delays too long, the idea may weaken or fade. At the same time, if he moves too quickly, he may damage its depth. This creates a fine balance between waiting and acting. He must listen carefully to the rhythm of the idea, allowing it to mature, yet remaining ready to respond when the moment arrives.

The idea, in its own silent way, begins to guide him. It shapes his attention, draws him toward certain words, certain images, certain memories. It prepares the ground for its own expression. The poet may not fully understand this process, but he feels its direction. It is as if the idea carries within it the path of its own becoming.

This stage is full of tension, but also full of meaning. The pain the poet feels is not empty; it is creative. It holds within it the promise of form. Without this pressure, the idea would remain silent.

Without this restlessness, there would be no movement toward expression. Thus, the discomfort becomes necessary, even valuable.

The reader, once again, remains outside this experience. He will later see the finished words, perhaps even feel their emotion, but he will not see this inner struggle. He will not feel the slow build of pressure, the silent insistence of the idea, the careful waiting of the poet. This part of the journey remains hidden, yet it shapes everything that will follow.

As the pressure grows, the poet reaches a point where he can no longer remain still. The need to express becomes stronger than the fear of loss. The silence that once held the idea now begins to break. The poet feels an urge to act, to reach for something that can carry the weight of what he feels. And in that moment, the next step becomes inevitable. The hand moves. The pen is taken.

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## *Chapter 3: The Act of Release — When the Pen Meets the Paper*

The moment that has been slowly forming now arrives with quiet certainty. The inner pressure, once gentle and distant, has grown firm enough to demand action. The poet can no longer remain only a witness to the idea. He must now become its medium in a more active sense. The silence that once held the idea begins to open, and the poet reaches toward language, not with full confidence, but with a necessary courage.

The act of writing does not begin as a perfect flow. It begins with an attempt. The poet takes the pen as one might take a tool to shape something unseen. There is hesitation in the first movement. The hand pauses, the mind searches, the feeling waits. For a brief moment, everything stands at the edge—between what is known within and what is yet to be formed outside.

Then the first word appears. It may not be the right word. It may not carry the full weight of the idea. Yet it breaks the silence. It opens a path. The poet feels a slight release, as if a narrow door has been unlocked. What was pressing inside now finds a small opening through which it can begin to flow. This beginning is fragile, but it is enough to continue.

As more words follow, the process gathers rhythm. The poet moves between feeling and language, trying to match one with the other. He searches for words that can hold the depth of the idea, but he quickly realizes that no word is fully equal to what he feels. Each sentence captures something, yet leaves something behind. Still, he continues, because stopping is no longer possible.

Writing, at this stage, becomes both relief and struggle. With each line, a part of the inner pressure is released, yet the effort to express creates a new kind of tension. The poet feels lighter and heavier at the same time. Lighter, because something is being expressed; heavier, because the gap between the idea and its expression becomes more visible.

The pen moves, but it does not move freely. It moves with effort, with care, with repeated adjustment. The poet writes, then pauses, then returns to what he has written. He changes a word, removes a phrase, adds a line. This is not only correction; it is a search for closeness. He tries to bring the written form nearer to the original feeling, knowing well that the distance can never be fully removed.

At times, the words come with ease, as if the idea itself is guiding the hand. In such moments, the poet feels a brief harmony between what he feels and what he writes. The flow becomes smooth,

almost natural. But this harmony does not last long. Soon again, the struggle returns. The words fall short, the sentences feel incomplete, and the poet must once again search, adjust, and continue.

This movement between ease and difficulty is part of the process. It shows that writing is not a simple transfer, but a negotiation between two worlds—the silent world of feeling and the structured world of language. The poet stands between these two, trying to build a bridge with limited tools.

The more he writes, the more he becomes aware of what is being lost. The original idea, once whole and untouched, now begins to break into parts. Some parts find expression, others remain hidden. Some are weakened in the process, others change their shape. The poet sees this happening, yet he cannot stop it. Expression itself demands this loss.

Still, there is also a gain. What was once invisible now begins to take form. The idea, though altered, becomes shareable. It steps out of the private space of the poet and enters a form that can be seen, read, and approached by others. This transformation is not perfect, but it is necessary.

The poet continues until he feels that the pressure has eased. Not fully gone, but reduced enough to allow rest. The act of writing reaches a pause. The page now holds what the mind once carried in silence. The invisible has become visible, though not without change.

When the poet looks at what he has written, he does not see a complete success. He sees an attempt—honest, careful, yet limited. He knows that the original idea was larger, deeper, more complete. What lies on the page is only a part of it, shaped by the limits of language and the conditions of expression.

Yet, this part is real. It stands as the only possible form the idea could take outside the mind. At this stage, the journey from within to without is complete. The idea has crossed the first boundary. It has left the silent world of the poet and entered the visible world of language. But the journey is not over. What now exists on the page is only the body. The soul still waits to be reached. And for that, another journey must begin.

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## *Chapter 4: The Limit of Words — The Incomplete Capture of the Absolute*

Now the idea stands before us in the form of language. It has crossed the inner boundary and taken a visible shape on the page. At first glance, it may seem that the journey has reached its goal. The poet has written, the feeling has been expressed, and the silence has been broken. Yet, beneath this appearance of completion, a deeper truth quietly remains—the truth that what has been written is never equal to what was first felt.

Language, though powerful, is limited. It can point, but it cannot fully hold. It can suggest, but it cannot completely contain. The original idea, which once existed as a whole, now appears in fragments, arranged through words and sentences. Each word carries a part of the meaning, but no word can carry it all. The poet becomes aware that language is not a perfect vessel; it is a narrow container for something vast.

This is where the quiet dissatisfaction begins. The poet reads his own lines and feels that something is missing. Not entirely missing, but not fully present either. The depth of the original feeling seems reduced, softened, or slightly altered. What was once clear within now appears distant on the page. It is as if a bright light has been passed through a dim glass—still visible, but no longer the same.

This gap between the idea and its expression is not the result of weakness in skill alone. Even the greatest mastery of language cannot remove it. The limitation lies in the nature of language itself. Words are fixed; the idea is fluid. Words are defined; the idea is open. Words must choose one path; the idea contains many at once. In this difference, loss becomes unavoidable.

The poet tries to bridge this gap. He searches for better words, rearranges his sentences, refines his lines. He replaces what seems weak with what feels stronger. Yet, even after many attempts, the distance remains. It may become smaller, but it never disappears. The poet realizes that no matter how much he improves the form, the original essence cannot be fully captured.

This realization brings a deeper understanding. Writing is not a process of perfect translation, but a process of approximation. The poet does not transfer the idea as it is; he recreates it in another form. In this recreation, something is always left behind. Some shades of feeling, some silent movements of thought, remain outside the reach of words.

It is like trying to hold water in the hand. No matter how carefully one holds it, a part of it slips through the fingers. What remains is real, but incomplete. The poet feels this truth with quiet intensity. He knows that what he has written is both true and insufficient at the same time.

This is why complete satisfaction never comes. The poet may feel relief after writing, but not fulfillment. He may feel that he has expressed something, but not everything. There is always a sense that the deepest part of the idea still remains unspoken, hidden somewhere beyond the written lines. This feeling does not fade with experience; it stays with every act of creation.

Yet, this incompleteness is not entirely negative. It is also what keeps writing alive. If language could fully capture the idea, there would be nothing left to seek, nothing left to explore. The gap, though painful, creates a space for movement, for growth, for continuous effort. It keeps the poet engaged in the act of expression, always reaching, never fully arriving.

At the same time, this limitation gives language a special quality. Since it cannot say everything directly, it begins to suggest, to hint, to evoke. The unsaid becomes as important as the said. Silence enters the lines, not as absence, but as presence. The reader is not only given words, but also invited to feel beyond them.

This is the second boundary in the journey—the boundary within language itself. The idea has taken form, but in doing so, it has accepted reduction. The infinite has entered the finite. The boundless has agreed to be bound.

And now, what exists is a written work—complete in appearance, yet incomplete in essence.

This work will now move beyond the poet. It will reach the reader. And there, a new journey will begin—one that moves not forward, but backward, from form to feeling, from language to the silent origin where the idea was first born.

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## *Chapter 5: The Reverse Path — The Reader's Journey Back to the Source*

Once the work leaves the poet, it begins a new life in the hands of the reader. What was once an inner experience now stands as an external object, shaped in language and fixed in form. The reader does not see the silent birth of the idea, nor the inner struggle that shaped it. He encounters only the final expression—the words arranged on the page. Yet within these words lies a hidden depth, a trace of the original idea that waits to be discovered.

The reader's task is not simple. He must move in the opposite direction of the poet. While the poet moved from feeling to language, the reader must move from language back to feeling. This is not a direct path. It is a return, a slow unfolding, a careful reconstruction of something that cannot be seen clearly. The reader begins with what is visible, but must reach toward what is invisible.

At first, the reader understands the surface. He reads the words, follows the sentences, grasps the basic meaning. This level is clear and accessible. But beneath it, there are deeper layers that do not reveal themselves easily. The true essence of the writing does not lie only in what is said, but also in what is suggested, in what remains between the lines. To reach this depth, the reader must go beyond simple reading.

He must pause, reflect, and feel.

Reading, in this sense, becomes an act of participation. The reader cannot remain passive. He must bring his own sensitivity, his own experience, his own attention to the text. The words alone are not enough; they must be awakened by the reader's inner response. Only then does the writing begin to open.

This journey is often uncertain. The reader may feel close to the meaning at one moment, and distant at another. Some parts may appear clear, while others remain obscure. The reader moves forward, then returns, then moves again, trying to connect the fragments into a whole. It is like following a faint path in a forest, where the direction is not always visible, but the movement continues.

The difficulty lies in the nature of language itself. As the poet could not fully capture the original idea, the reader cannot fully recover it. What the reader receives is already shaped, already reduced. He must work within these limits, trying to sense what lies beyond them. This makes the journey incomplete, yet meaningful.

At times, the reader may feel a sudden connection. A line may strike deeply, a phrase may open a hidden door, a simple word may carry an unexpected weight. In such moments, the distance between the reader and the writer seems to disappear. The reader feels as if he has touched something real, something alive. These moments are rare, but they give value to the entire effort.

Yet, even in these moments, the connection is not perfect. The reader does not enter the exact experience of the poet. He creates his own version of it, shaped by his own mind and feeling. The same text may produce different meanings in different readers. Each reader builds a unique path back toward the idea, and no two paths are exactly the same.

This does not mean that the journey fails. It means that the journey is personal.

The writing acts as a guide, not as a complete map. It points toward a direction, but does not carry the reader fully to the

destination. The reader must walk the path himself, step by step, using the hints given by language. This makes reading an active and creative process, not just a simple act of understanding.

There is also a certain limitation that the reader cannot overcome. He arrives after the moment of creation has passed. He cannot enter that original time, that first spark, that silent revelation. He can only imagine it, sense it indirectly through the words. The origin remains out of reach, even as he moves closer to it.

This creates a quiet gap between the writer and the reader. They are connected, yet separated. The writing stands between them as a bridge, but also as a boundary. It allows movement, but not full union.

Still, the reader continues the journey. He reads again, feels again, reflects again. With each return, his understanding may deepen. The words may reveal new layers, new meanings, new connections. The journey does not end with a single reading. It grows over time, as the reader himself grows. In this way, the written work remains alive. It continues to speak, not with a fixed voice, but with a changing one. Each reader, each reading, brings a new movement into it.

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## *Chapter 6: The Final Distance — The Unbridgeable Gap Between Two Souls*

The journey now stands complete in form, yet unfinished in essence. From the first silent spark in the poet's mind to the careful reading in the heart of the reader, every stage has unfolded with its own truth, its own effort, its own limitation. The idea was born in silence, pressed for release, shaped through language, reduced by expression, and then slowly approached again by the reader. Each step carried movement, yet each step also carried loss. Now, at the end of this long path, one final truth rises with quiet clarity—the truth that the journey, though meaningful, can never be fully complete.

At the center of this truth lies a simple fact: the original idea, in its purest form, belongs only to the moment of its birth. It exists fully only once, within the silent depth of the poet's inner experience. That moment cannot be repeated, cannot be transferred, cannot be shared in its entirety. Everything that follows—writing, reading, understanding—is an attempt to approach it, not to possess it.

The poet himself could not hold it completely once it moved into language. He shaped it, expressed it, and gave it form, yet in doing so, he also moved away from its original purity. The reader, in turn, begins from this shaped form and tries to move backward toward that lost origin. But both movements—forward and backward—meet the same boundary. The idea, in its absolute state, remains beyond reach.

This is the final distance. It is not a distance of failure, but a distance of nature. It does not arise from lack of skill, nor from lack of effort. It arises from the difference between experience and expression, between feeling and form, between soul and language. These are not equal realms, and they cannot be made equal. Language can carry meaning, but it cannot carry being. It can show the path, but it cannot become the journey itself.

The poet, at the end of his creation, stands with a quiet acceptance of this truth. He knows that what he has written is both faithful and incomplete. He does not reject it, yet he does not fully rest in it either. There remains within him a silent awareness that the deepest part of the idea still lives beyond the written lines. This awareness does not weaken him; rather, it deepens his understanding of the act of creation.

The reader, too, reaches a similar realization. After moving through the words, after feeling their depth and tracing their meaning, he senses that something still lies beyond his grasp. He may come very close, he may feel a strong connection, yet he knows that he has not reached the exact source. What he has found is real, but it is his own version of the truth, shaped by his own mind and heart.

Thus, the writer and the reader meet, but not completely. They stand on two sides of a bridge that allows them to see each other, to feel each other, but not to fully merge. The writing itself becomes both the link and the limit. It connects, yet it also separates. It brings two inner worlds close, yet keeps them distinct.

And still, this distance is not empty. Within this gap lies the beauty of literature. If everything could be fully transferred, there would be no need for imagination, no space for interpretation, no role for the reader's own depth. The incompleteness of language creates a living space where meaning can grow, change, and renew itself. It allows the same work to speak in different ways to different minds, across time and place.

In this sense, the impossibility of perfect transfer becomes the very reason why literature remains alive. The poet does not give the idea fully; he gives a form that invites discovery. The reader does not receive the idea fully; he recreates it within himself. Between giving and receiving, something new is always born—something that belongs to neither alone, yet is shaped by both.

***THE END***